

## AFTER IT'S ALL OVER

## WOODY RAN LIKE WILD FIRE

The result of the local election brought to the Juveniles the first defeat that they have ever experienced since their organization. It was a hard one, too, but they took it manfully and say that they are ready for another go as soon as the opportunity affords. The two pet candidates of this faction were knocked out and the blow was too much for some of the Juveniles, but the majority of them will rally again, when there is need of it.

"No, no—"  
But yes, yes. Was she going to let him walk across the room for a nasty old valise, and he so tired? No, indeed! She would go and get it herself and open it for him, too, and so there.

When she said "so there" he knew there was nothing left for him but to submit gracefully, and he submitted. But, alas, what followed!

She opened the valise.

What was in it?

One large empty flask. One pack playing cards—new. Three packs ditto—old. One meerschaum pipe. A few poker chips. Sundries.

That was all. One of those scenes which "baffle all description" followed. But finally the porter came and explained that he had sent up the wrong valise.

Both are slowly recovering.

"This one," he asked, pointing to one which he had placed in a great winding scroll of parchment, "is Longfellow—the poet. The poet of the heart, as we call him. More beautifully and tenderly called by Bjornson, 'the White Longfellow.'" Then I repeated some fragments of his poems, and our host said, "I would not honor him by repeating the same to his wife and children before I left the house. He added: 'I thought he must be a poet, so I put him in the sunlight, where he could see the flowers, he said. Dead.' " "Dead?" "Yes, so," he replied. "They always die, do they not?" "You would naturally think, when you first heard of a man with busts of noted people in his house about whom he knew nothing, that the situation was strange. But this man was so sincere and he said such beautiful things that I was glad, after all, that he was ignorant of his great company. He walked with us to the gate, and the last words he said to me, except to send me the works of your

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